

SEPTEMBER 16, 1944

AMERICA

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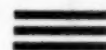
A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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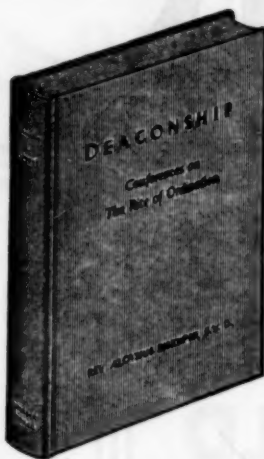
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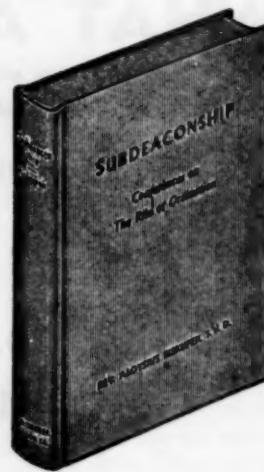
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COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Will Peace Be Wonderful? Nobody seems quite sure. There are ups and downs of hope and fear, a good bit of wonderment and a lot of serious thinking. Senator Truman, in a Labor Day address, expressed what seems still to be a majority conviction: "an America that could not be defeated in war need not be defeated in peace." Yet he warned that "there is no wizard's wand that we can wave over swords to turn them into plowshares." On the same day Philip Murray of the CIO and William Green of the AFL spoke on the same subject and agreed in demanding "plans for conversion now without waiting for the end of the war." As though in answer, the War Production Board, after all the flurry and fight of recent days, announced plans for shifting industry from war to civilian production as soon as Germany falls. The Board itself aims to "assist and encourage" rather than plan and direct conversion. "Industry is to be allowed to go its own way . . . to do the swiftest and most effective job possible of restoring production, making whatever people want and affording maximum employment just as quickly as possible." Then the Treasury Department hopped on the bandwagon to announce that future taxation will be designed in such a way as to be a help to maximum employment. Our hopes that the postwar world of employment will be, if not wonderful, at least satisfactory, seem to rest on solid pillars: the wartime record of industrial and agricultural production; the piled-up demands for goods of all sorts; the huge savings accumulated during the war; a spirit of cooperation among the saner leaders in all spheres of American life. With all the optimism, however, all warn that "the test period will come between the time war contracts are canceled and industry is able to complete its conversion to peace production." Thoughtful Americans will plan now more carefully than ever, individually and in groups, to weather that period without relying too much on government giving.

Role of the Sword. One of the arresting parts of the Pope's address of September 1 was his insistence on an international organization, joined with the concession that force has a proper function in the postwar days. The Pontiff is too soundly grounded in the essentials of a stable juridical order not to give force the place it deserves. In two situations particularly, as he pointed out on the fifth anniversary of the war, the sword can—and indeed at times must—open the road to peace. The first of these situations is the transition period between the end of hostilities and the formal conclusion of peace. The invader conceivably has no other way of maintaining order in those days of transition than through force and the threat of force, "within juridically necessary and morally justifiable limits." The second situation is in the course of international relations, even after the conclusion of peace. Here the sword may inevitably be in evidence to safeguard the observance of rightful obligations and prevent a temptation to conflict. We can assume that this sword could be in no better hands than the "international organization . . . really capable of preserving peace" which the Pontiff hopes for. However, it is easy to place undue emphasis on force for maintaining peace, to the neglect of juridical principles. The Pontiff, then, quite understandably has stated that the soul of a peace worthy of the name is justice. Both in the treatment of our conquered enemies and in the setting up of a really effective security organization, justice must precede force.

The American Sword. A flurry of debate in the Senate on September 5 focused attention on the aspect of the proposed international organization which will certainly be one of the storm centers when the matter at last comes formally before the Senate for ratification. This was the question of America's participation in the exercise of armed force by the organization. To whom would our representative on the international Council be responsible? Would American armed forces be used without a declaration of war by Congress? Senator Bushfield, Republican, of South Dakota, viewed with alarm the impending jettisoning of American sovereignty, the assumption by the Executive of the power to declare war and—with a subconscious premonition of a fourth term?—the making of President Roosevelt "the absolute despot of the American people, a true dictator in all senses of the word." Senators Connally and Vandenberg reminded Senator Bushfield that Dumbarton Oaks was only a preliminary conference of "technicians" whose conclusions were binding on no one, least of all on the United States Senate. No measure would get past the Foreign Relations Committee, said Mr. Connally, "until the distinguished Senators, both of the majority and of the minority, examine the instrument, take it apart, analyze it, take out the wheels and unwind the spring." It is worth remembering that in actual practice an international dispute usually goes through a long process of diplomatic debate, during which the people and their representatives can make their minds clear on the matter. The American delegate to the international organization could hardly vote against the expressed will of the American people.

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The American Delegate. Some interesting legal and constitutional questions may arise over the powers and function of the United States delegate to the international organization. He is not a Minister, Consul or Ambassador to a foreign power. His office, in fact, seems one that can never have occurred to the men who wrote the Constitution. Nor will he have merely the status of a "personal representative" of the President, like Myron Taylor at the Vatican. Moreover, if the agreement embodying the international organization is distinct from the peace treaties—as the League of Nations was not—a question may be raised as to the authority which should ratify it. This question, however, seems merely academic at the moment, since it seems to have been settled, by default, in favor of two-thirds of the Senate. Granted the ratification of the agreement and the existence of the office, Congress would seem to have no power of appointment; though if the delegate be regarded as an "inferior officer" in the sense of the Constitution, Congress could vest his appointment in someone other than the President. The decision in *Humphrey vs. United States* (1935) might open the way to a certain measure of control by Congress. In that decision the Court held that the President's power of removal could be limited by Congress where the office was "predominantly quasi-judicial and quasi-legislative rather than executive." Perhaps the solution of the problem will lie in the increased contact between the President and the Senate on foreign affairs. The Senate may at last find a means of being the President's adviser, after the mind of the Constitution, instead of merely giving or withholding its consent.

Finland At Peace. The Germans are at last moving out of Finland, and Finland is out of the war. It is unfortunately assumed that the terms of peace for Finland will be severe. The terms that Finland rejected some months ago were harsh enough, and observers see no reason to believe that Finland will not have to pay dearly for her refusal. The payment is expected to be in territory and in money. Many fear that the payment will also include domination by the Soviet. Meeting Finland's emissaries, Russia is in a sense meeting the world. The nations of the world harbor no resentment against Finland. They understand the difficult circumstances in which the country was placed, and that understanding has not hardened the soft spot for Finland in the heart of the world. Should not the other members of the United Nations now exert their influence with Russia to guarantee Finland's freedom and an opportunity to recover from these last horrible years? And Stalin? If he is the realist that the world thinks he is, if he wishes to play as strong a hand in peace as he has played in war, he will show himself a generous victor to "brave little Finland."

"Psychoneurotics." To doctors, and especially to psychologists, this may be merely a technical term, used in a very restricted sense. But to a public whose reading, light and heavy, has been saturated with psychological terms and analogies, it is a highly-charged word. Such a public must look askance at the "psychoneurotic." Veterans discharged as psychoneurotic will have two strikes on them when they apply for a job. Yet the term may mean no more than that the man was not able to stand up under the terrific strains and dislocations of modern warfare, which has almost exhausted the resources of human ingenuity in devising methods to blast, shock, maim and terrorize mankind. A man of refined and humane feelings might find the adjustment to such an existence much harder than would the ex-gangster who had a distinctly coarser moral fiber. The word

"psychoneurotic" itself is an unhappy choice, in view of the prevalent sloppiness in usage. Pending the choice of a better term, it should be stressed that a bad reaction to being blown up, machine-gunned, shelled or torpedoed does not necessarily indicate unfitness for civilian life.

Coming Tribute. Headed by the Catholic Press Association, the many organizations either founded by the Rev. Francis X. Talbot, S.J., or in which he was active and influential, will gather in New York's Commodore Hotel on the evening of September 26 for a testimonial dinner. Father Talbot's activity and influence reached out to AMERICA's many readers; to all of them, in lieu of a formal invitation, we extend this welcome from the heart to be present at the highly deserved tribute. Reservations may be obtained through Mr. Sterns Cunningham, The Catholic Book Club, 140 East 45th St., New York 17.

Senator Norris. The death of George W. Norris on September 2, at the age of 83, brought a flood of memories of ancient battles won and lost and won again, and took from the United States a sturdy figure of integrity and courage. For most of his political life Senator Norris was in the official doghouse, from the time when he led the Representatives in the struggle to overthrow the czarism of Speaker Cannon. He was elected over and over again as a Republican from a Republican State, but he never quite filled the popular image of a Republican; and for his last term he ran as an Independent, with the strange circumstance of having the blessing of the leader of his opponent's party. The Twentieth Amendment ("Lame Duck"), the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Anti-Injunction Act were among his permanent contributions to the country. His real service to the nation, however, lay rather in the spiritual than in the visible realm. By common consent he was one national legislator who was not beholden to lobbyists or special interests, who voted as he himself thought best, not as others wanted—even his constituents; and who saw that the common good often means in practice the good of the underprivileged. The country always has need of such men.

A Book By the Fire. When Tommy announces that he is going to be a fireman, the wise parent may remind him that New York's gallant fire fighters, when not racing through the streets behind a screaming siren, are reading three times as much as they used to—books on history and hydraulics, on politics and plastics. And on toys, since from the firehouses come home-made toys for underprivileged children.

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THE NATION AT WAR

DURING the week preceding Labor Day, the Germans were in retreat about everywhere except along the Russian front.

In France, the Allied armies coming from Normandy advanced deep into Belgium, to arrive at the boundaries of Holland and Germany itself. It now seems that the German losses in France have been considerably higher than previously estimated. Including all of France, and with numerous garrisons cut off, half a million may be a moderate estimate. There were supposed to be between a million and a million and a half Germans in France and the Low Countries when this summer's campaign started. Between half a million and a full million may be left to garrison the West Wall.

That line of fortifications consists of a labyrinth of small posts, arranged in a belt from 6 to 10 miles deep, along the frontier, supplemented by obstacles against tanks. The system in no way resembles a wall. It is a sort of trap, in which it is hoped the attackers will become entangled. When and if this occurs, the attackers are to be counter-attacked by German forces held in reserve just for that purpose. The Germans hope that the attackers will be found exhausted by their fights with the many small fortified posts. The success of this type of defense depends upon having strong forces for counter-attacks. If these are not available, the attackers can take their time to blast a hole through the West Wall, and then pour through the gap into Germany.

The Germans' withdrawal in Italy, compared with France, has so far been slow. Preliminary reports indicate their withdrawal from the Aegean Islands and Greece is well under way; they are practically out of Romania and Bulgaria, and are getting out of Finland. There are rumors that they will evacuate Norway and Denmark.

Should all of these movements materialize, within maybe two weeks, the German Armies will be concentrated at the boundaries of Germany and the final battle will then be on.

With eyes riveted on the exciting events in Europe, we may not forget the war in the Pacific. At the present time, the Allies are closing around the Philippine Islands with strong naval and air forces. COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

THE onrushing events of history in Europe have brought Washington to a sharp realization of the necessity for collaboration between the President and the Senate in the post-war agreements. Up to recent days there has been a general tendency to duck the issue publicly and to leave it to the committee of Congress which has been meeting with Secretary Hull. Governor Dewey's initiative and Mr. John Foster Dulles' meeting with Mr. Hull have precipitated events.

Now, however, the Senate rightly becomes the debating ground, and high time, too. Oldtimers in Washington who remember 1919 and who have had their memories jogged by the recent film on Wilson, seem agreed that the situation is vastly better than it was then. The Administration has frankly recognized the importance of the Senate in any peace-making, and the result appeared the other day when Senator Vandenberg, a Republican, rose in the Senate to defend the Administration on its policy at Dumbarton Oaks.

The mention of Dumbarton Oaks, however, reflects a current embarrassment of the Administration. The policy of secrecy has given the isolationists a chance to flood the country with rumors and suspicions of sinister power politics being played, and there has been very little the State Department could do about it beyond general denials. It is unfortunate that so many people have received these denials with cynicism.

In spite of this, however, there is every sign at this juncture that the tragedy of 1919 will not be repeated this time. It is not forgotten, of course, that the elder Senator Lodge was himself once in favor of a League of Nations, and it is still possible that some Senators—too many Senators—may in the end say that they are in favor of an international organization, but not this one (meaning Roosevelt's) and thus defeat plans now being made. It is possible, but not now regarded as probable.

Meanwhile, the flat statement of the Pope on September 3 in favor of what seems to be the identical kind of world organization with that being forged at Dumbarton Oaks was received with much relief and gratitude.

WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

CATHOLICS the world over will rejoice, along with the townspeople of Lisieux, that the shrines hallowed by their association with the life of "The Little Flower," St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus, have been saved from the destruction which made a shambles of the rest of the town. For, N.C. W.C. News Service reports, the convent in which she lived, the Basilica erected in her honor and the twelfth-century Cathedral have all been spared.

► While consoling Catholics of London for the sufferings endured in the aerial bombardments, Pope Pius XII stressed the need for Christian forgiveness in the message he sent to them through their spiritual head, the Most Rev. Bernard Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster. "We exhort you," he wrote, "to bear your trials with Christian sentiments of forgiveness, charity and mercy."

► Reminding Catholic parents of their obligation to send their children to Catholic schools, Bishop Toolen of Mobile warned them not to be misled by the fact that the Church makes provision for the religious care of Catholic youth at-

tending secular schools. The Church "simply fulfils a duty," the Bishop wrote, in providing this care.

► The Office of War Information reports that a Swiss newspaper, *Der Landbote*, of Wintherthur, has published excerpts from a pastoral letter in which an unidentified German Archbishop bitterly attacked the "ravishing of young souls" in evacuation camps for children run by the Nazi Elite Guard (SS). The Archbishop's letter, as quoted, charged that the evacuation of children to the country "is exploited by our Fuehrer clique as a splendid opportunity for the de-Christianization of German youth."

► Appearing before a Senate Committee to advocate passage of a bill to establish a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission, Msgr. John A. Ryan criticized severely labor unions which exclude Negroes from certain occupations and condemned both employers and employes who persist in the policy of keeping Negroes in menial occupations as "uncharitable and contemptible."

LOUIS E. SULLIVAN

THE POPE SPEAKS TO A RESURGENT WORLD

JOHN LAFARGE

IF you were to take a red pencil and start underlining all the significant and interesting passages in the September 1 broadcast of Pope Pius XII, you would soon find your copy of the address just a mass of red. For the Pope on that date spoke so clearly and directly to the occasion that nobody can possibly miss his point. He treated of immediate and concrete issues of the day.

The discourse spoken on the fifth anniversary of the present war was the first of the Holy Father's to come to us, as it were, from within our own lines. He talked no longer in the measured tones of a quasi-captive but conversed frankly and openly with the public in the Allied Nations as he has already conversed with thousands of Allied service men and civilians in public and private audiences since the liberation of Rome.

He is dealing here with conditions as we know them through our correspondents. Anne O'Hare McCormick, of the *New York Times*, has described to us, day by day, the terrible conditions in devastated Italy. In the midst of it Rome, even with its hardships, is almost an oasis. "The direct military operations," says the Pope, "which have overwhelmed a large part of Italian soil, are now far from even the Eternal City. But the consequences, both direct and indirect, of the conflict are far from being at an end." Nobody can estimate, he says, the ruin the Germans brought and are still continuing to bring upon this lovely land, by "systematic requisitioning and the removal or destruction of precious means of transport . . . of powerful means of production." This has produced a "paralysis of economic life, the repercussions of which, both material and spiritual, on the population become every day more alarming and menacing."

The Pope declares that "No people, discouraged beneath the weight of physical and moral disaster, can rise of itself, by its own forces, from its prostration. But, on the other hand, no people, justly proud of its own honor, would settle down to await its resurgence solely from the hands of others and not at the same time from its own efforts, its own will and its own energies."

With both of these points understood, he makes, in all gratitude, a moving appeal to Allied cooperation and charity.

SAVING CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION

But beneath and beyond all the Holy Father's solicitude for the immediate physical needs of the suffering people is his evident concern for their social and spiritual condition. "An old world," he says, "lies in fragments. To see arise as quickly as possible from those ruins a new world, healthier, juridically better organized, more in harmony with the exigencies of human nature: such is the longing of its tortured peoples." But is there any chance of this new world rising? Will the world "oscillate uncertainly between one extreme and the other? Or will the pendulum come to rest, thanks to the work of sage rulers?" Or, as he clearly implies without mentioning the name, will Communism reap the harvest from the sum of human miseries? How can we preserve the legacy of Christian civilization?

His answer is that this can be done, that we can grapple with the "gigantic work of restoration in social, economic and international life through a plan that does not conflict with the religious and moral content of Christian civiliza-

tion," if Catholics and non-Catholics will labor together on the task. It is an interesting point that from the beginning to the end of his address, he uses the term *Christian*, not *Catholic*, in referring to his ideas.

He appeals, therefore, for cooperation "also to those who, while not belonging to the Church, feel themselves united with us in this hour of perhaps irrevocable decisions." "This invitation," he explains, "looks chiefly to achieve a loyal and effective collaboration in all those fields in which the very idea of Christianity demands the creation of a more exact juridical order."

At the close of his address, the Pope spoke briefly but vigorously in favor of a general and effective international organization, as a condition for peace.

The body of his discourse, however, was given to the "formidable problems which refer to the setting-up of an economic and social order more in keeping with the eternal law of God and with the dignity of man."

RIGHT OF PRIVATE PROPERTY

Instead of covering a wide ground, or losing time in mere denunciation of errors, the Pope comes immediately to a fundamental issue and makes perfectly clear what the Church does and does not mean by the term "private property."

"For every legitimate economic and social order," he declares, following Leo XIII in *Rerum Novarum*, "there must be laid down as the basic foundation the right of private property." The ownership of something private and tangible is the fruit of a man's labor and a condition of just freedom. If you take this hope away from a worker, "what other natural incentive can you offer him to make him work hard, to save, to live soberly, when not a few men and peoples today have lost all and have nothing left but their capacity to work?"

But—and it is a very large "but"—there is no term more persistently misunderstood than that very phrase, "private property." The same caricature of the Church's position on this point is presented, with but slight variations, by her radical and revolutionary enemies as is cherished by the conservative and capitalistic monopolists. The "Christian conscience," says the Pope, cannot deny "the natural right to property whether over consumptive goods or the means of production."

But neither can it accept those systems which recognize the right to private property according to a completely false concept of it and which are therefore opposed to a true and healthy social order. Accordingly where, for instance, "capitalism" is based on such false concepts and arrogates to itself an unlimited right over property, without any subordination to the common good, the Church has condemned it as contrary to the natural law.

In other words, immense, monopolistic corporations cannot in any way claim the Church's approval under the fair name of "private property." The workers, he bluntly declares, are increasingly "confronted with this excessive concentration of economic goods which, often hidden under anonymous titles . . . places the worker in a situation where it is virtually impossible for him effectively to acquire private property of his own."

The type of private property which the Pope defends are the "small and medium holdings," such as family-size farms, small independent businesses. Such property-owners, he says, are "constrained to join in a conflict ever more difficult and without hope of success." And he observes:

In defending, therefore, the principle of private prop-

erty, the Church pursues a high ethico-social purpose. She does not intend to defend absolutely and simply the present state of affairs . . . nor to defend as a matter of principle the rich and the plutocrat against the poor and the indigent. Far from it! Right from the beginning she has been the defender of the oppressed against the tyranny of the powerful and has always sponsored the just claims of all classes of workers against every injustice.

CONDITIONS OF PRIVATE PROPERTY

But the Pope is a practical man. He is not content with merely declaring the right of the worker and the little man to private property, in the face of the Communist, the Fascist or the plutocrat who would deprive him of it. He points out three indispensable conditions without which small, distributed private property cannot possibly be maintained in our complex modern world.

1. The State must intervene in its protection. It may, in the public interest, "intervene by regulating its use, or even . . . meet the situation . . . by decreeing the expropriation of property, giving a suitable indemnity."

2. "Small and medium holdings in agriculture, in the arts and trades, in commerce and industry, should be guaranteed and promoted." This is not State Socialism, this is not incipient Communism; it is not "coddling the workers," to repeat expressions which have been heard when Congressmen in this country were discussing some of the sounder measures for protecting the small American farmer or landowner.

3. "Cooperative unions should ensure for them the advantages of big business; where big business, even today, shows itself more productive, there should be given the possibility of tempering the labor contract with a contract of co-ownership."

The Pope flatly denies any claim either of big business or State Socialists that "technical progress is toward the establishment of gigantic concerns and organizations that must inevitably cause the collapse of a social system based upon the private ownership of individuals." (The Austrian economist, F. A. Hayek, in his recent work, *The Road Toward Freedom*, clearly shows the fallacies inherent in the type of reasoning to which the Pope objects.) "No," he asserts, "technical progress does not determine economic life as a fatal and necessary factor."

It has indeed too often yielded timidly to the demands of rapacious, selfish plans calculated to accumulate capital indefinitely; why should it not then yield also to the necessity of maintaining and ensuring private property for all, that cornerstone of social order? Even technical progress, as a social factor, should not prevail over the general good, but should rather be directed and subordinated to it.

Here, then, is the Pope's platform against Communism, and every other anti-social ideology. It is not talk that he looks for; it is *demonstration*. He is confident that his "faithful sons and daughters of the Catholic world, as heralds of the Christian social idea, will contribute—even at the price of considerable sacrifices—to progress toward that social justice after which all true disciples of Christ must hunger and thirst."

How far are American Catholics "heralds of the Christian social idea"? How far do we "hunger and thirst" for its realization? What denials are we making of time and comfort? How far are we ready to work with all men of good will toward the achievement of that end? On our reply depends the support we give to the Pope's appeal.

WHAT ARE THE ROOTS OF COLLECTIVISM?

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

NOT long ago the Conservative majority in the British Parliament drafted a White Paper on Postwar "Employment Policy." Without a word of apology to Adam Smith, David Ricardo, John Stuart Mill and the other architects of economic individualism, that document began bluntly and matter-of-factly: "The Government accept as one of their primary aims and responsibilities the maintenance of a high and stable level of employment after the war." The *Wall Street Journal*, commenting editorially on this statement, used a headline equally blunt: "Asks Britons to Be Slaves."

There in a nutshell is the issue which, once the war is over, will prevent our embattled nation from relapsing into a tame and peaceful existence. The great question is not whether the economic activities of individuals should or should not be submitted to social controls. Only a minority, even of businessmen, refuse to see that some retreat from the economic individualism of our forefathers is necessary.

The issue rather is how much control and by whom? The British, as is clear from the White Paper quoted above, have decided on a great deal of control, and control by the Government. There are some people here who feel that the British are choosing wisely, but not many of these people are businessmen, or bankers, or big commercial farmers, or members of the articulate professional classes. The *Wall Street Journal* probably expressed the majority sentiment of these groups when it stigmatized the White Paper as slavery.

SPECTER OF COLLECTIVISM

In general, the average industrialist or banker or large-scale farmer or professional man would say that the New Deal has gone too far toward Government control. Pushed a bit on this, he would probably do what the Republican convention did at Chicago—accept substantially the major social legislation of the last decade, but there draw a heavy line and call a halt. If more social controls are needed, he would say, let the consciences of businessmen furnish them. He takes this stand from mixed motives, some of which are, of course, not unassociated with self-interest, enlightened or otherwise. But his main motive is above reproach. He fears deeply and sincerely that the growing trend toward social control of business is destructive of private enterprise and the American way of life. He is genuinely scared by the specter of collectivism, i.e., complete State control and direction of the economic order. Once we reach that stage, he warns, full-blown totalitarianism will follow, and then goodbye to the Bill of Rights and the American Dream.

If the present Congress is truly representative of the people, there can be little doubt that this is the majority attitude in the country today. The National Resources Planning Board was widely regarded in Washington as a New Deal brain-trust with plans for extending the economic activities of Government. The Congress liquidated the Board and buried its plans for a postwar order so deeply in some pigeonhole on Capitol Hill that, despite a Presidential recommendation, not a word has been heard of them since. The fate of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill, which incorporated a comprehensive scheme to "alleviate the economic hazards of old age, premature death, disability, sickness, unemployment and dependency," has been no less unhappy. Although it was introduced over a year ago, not a single hearing has yet been held. More significant still, by its re-

cent action on reconversion legislation, the Congress has determined that the Government will interfere as little as possible with the postwar efforts of private enterprise to provide 55 million jobs and a national income in excess of \$140 billion a year. The only bill which vested much responsibility in Government for seeing that the postwar economy clicks—the Kilgore-Truman-Murray bill—was beaten with the greatest of ease. And so on and so on. In the short course of two years and in the midst of a war which has concentrated unprecedented power in Washington, this Congress has tried at every turn to stop, and even to reverse, the socializing trend of the New Deal. And to an astonishing extent it has succeeded.

CAPITALISM—SEED OF COLLECTIVISM

Or so it seems. For something more than good intentions, even good intentions implemented by legislation, are required to dam the forces of historical change. The National Association of Manufacturers, the Committee for Constitutional Government, half the corporations in the country can spend hundreds of thousands of dollars lauding the virtues and achievements of the "free-enterprise" system; the American Legion can solemnly pass resolutions in favor of "employment fostered by a system of free enterprise embodying the greatest encouragement to individual initiative and to every sort of sound business leadership"; the national legislature can hamstring every executive agency obnoxious to businessmen and loose the bonds hobbling the profit motive; but unless the real causes working toward collectivism are discovered and removed, the trend toward collectivism will inexorably continue. And there is little evidence to suggest that most business leaders, and their spokesmen in Congress, are willing to deal with these causes or even to recognize them. For the real causes of the trend toward collectivism are to be found, not in Communist agitation or in the pages of the *New Republic*, or in the New Deal reforms, but in capitalism itself!

This has been recognized by no less an anti-New Deal stalwart than John T. Flynn. In his latest book, *As We Go Marching*, Mr. Flynn essays the task, obviously for campaign purposes, of tracing the rise of Fascism in Italy and Nazism in Germany. He finds, as others have found before him, that Big Government did not come suddenly to Italy and Germany with the rise of Mussolini and Hitler. As far as economic policy is concerned, the Italian and German dictators merely carried to their logical conclusions programs initiated by their "Liberal" predecessors. *And these programs had been adopted in the first place for the sole reason of providing a remedy for the two classical weaknesses of the capitalistic system.*

These weaknesses, as Mr. Flynn describes them, are the inability of capitalism 1) to assure to all the people "a decent share of the necessities of life," and 2) to protect the more fortunate citizens "from the adversities of recurring depressions." To cope with the rising discontent of the depressed third of the population and to mitigate the insecurity of the middle classes and even of the wealthy, the Italian and German governments developed social-security systems, borrowed money and distributed it to those in need, embarked on public-works programs of all kinds. And when the swelling debt and the increasing tax burden provoked protests from business interests, the governments merely switched their spending from roads and drainage schemes to cannon and battleships. Militarism was the patriotic answer to disgruntled businessmen and, as it always is, it was an effective answer.

Now the pertinent point in all this is that the same weak-

nesses which eventually led to collectivism and totalitarianism in Italy and Germany are present, in greater or lesser degree, in every capitalistic state. They are present, therefore, in the United States and, unless we realize this and deal with them boldly and radically, the trend toward a state-controlled economy will continue. In the face of these realities, all the talk of free enterprise, and all the activities of the conservative Republican-Southern Democrat bloc in Congress must appear as so much shadow-boxing. And the whole swing to the Right, which is the chief political event of the last two years, becomes a snare and a delusion. The farther it goes, the greater will be our danger; for when the day of accounting arrives, the reaction may be so strong that we shall drop all efforts to tinker with the faltering capitalist machine and vote ourselves a new one. And we will not choose a democratic model. There won't be one.

There is something more—something, it seems to me, that Mr. Flynn has overlooked. The capitalistic system does more than promote state control by default; it positively invites it and prepares the way for it. In a market-place where the sole law is the law of the jungle, only the toughest and cleverest survive. Competition declines for the very good reason that many of the competitors disappear, and those who survive become so big and powerful that newcomers are afraid to enter the field. After a while the stage is reached, as it has been reached in this country, where several dozen huge financial and non-financial corporations hold the power of life and death over the whole economy. We have then, not the capitalism of the textbooks, but a kind of collectivism, a collectivism not of ownership but of control—no less tyrannous for being private.

Now it will be immediately obvious that no democratically elected government can permit such far-reaching power to be concentrated in private hands for purposes of private profit. It will be forced to insist that this power be subjected to social control. In our present atomized society, this means either strict government control or government ownership. In either case the result is more bureaucracy, bigger government and less individual freedom.

For years, the vast majority of the American people have opposed the growing collectivism of business control. They have persistently demanded legislation to stop the growth of monopolies and to encourage small, independent business. The Congress has responded with a Sherman Anti-Trust Act, a Federal Trade Commission, a Miller-Tydings Act, a Smaller War Plants Corporation. Despite all these efforts, the march toward concentration of economic control has gone steadily forward. Have we, then, any solid reason to believe that the attempts of the present Congress to halt the growth of corporate giants in the postwar era will be any more successful? And if these efforts fail, how long will the American people submit their lives and their fortunes to the dictates of a handful of corporate collectivists?

Now what does all this add up to?

It adds up to this. Fearful of the collectivizing trend in government, American conservatives have decided to turn back the clock. To do so, they have persuaded the country to return, as far as possible, to the very same system which, by its failures, forced the intervention of government in the first place. Asking little from Washington beyond fiscal and reconversion policies favorable to risk-capital and the profit motive, they expect the capitalistic system to do what it has never done before—namely, give the lower third a decent livelihood, break the boom-bust cycle, and reverse its own collectivistic tendencies.

This is obviously a very large gamble. Let us pray that it is not also a reckless one.

AIR FORCE CHAPLAINS IN THE MARSHALLS

LYNN D. POOLE

SEVENTH AIR FORCE Base in the Marshalls. The long twilight in the Central Pacific had settled into dusk and the giant Seventh Air Force Liberator Bombers cast silent shadows as they waited for their combat crews. The crews started across the flight line. Again tonight these youngsters would drop their bombs on Truk. One, already a seasoned veteran of these smashing attacks on the Japs, stopped to speak to a silhouetted figure who stood watching them.

For several minutes the two men stood in quiet conference, then parted. A second flier came up to this tall figure, remained a short time and went to his plane. Shortly after, the bombers roared down the runways, one after the other, loaded with bombs which tonight would fall on enemy targets. But as this immobile figure watched them circle the coral island he knew that two men carried in their hearts an even deadlier weapon than bombs—he knew because he had just heard their confessions.

This man was one of the many priests who are serving your sons overseas, serving them in the Faith you taught them. His confessional beside the bomber was not unusual. He tries to be there before each mission takes off, in case any of his airborne parishioners need him.

FLIERS AND CHAPLAINS

This does not seem like the carefree, hoydenish, dare-devil young flier of popular cartoon and story. But it is a picture substantiated by the many Catholic Chaplains who accompany these 7th AAF men from one island base to another, as they bomb their way closer to the center of the Nipponese empire. Before this war most of them were callow youths, and Funafuti, Tarawa, Kwajalein, Eniwetok and Saipan were quasi-mythical places. But today they are men, and these islands are harsh realities—places they have pounded from the air, places where they have seen their friends die and places to which they have unashamedly taken their religion.

They are unashamed because they know full well the spider-web thread between life and death in this vast region where they navigate and fly the longest missions of any air force—all of those missions over water. They live with other men who face this same precarious and dangerous job. One of the Chaplains explained the frank and direct feelings the boys have about an open manifestation of their religious beliefs and practices: "It is comparable to a Retreat at home. They are all men together, seeking the same answers, facing one another's problems and sharing a communal respect for the religious convictions of others."

This palpable attitude toward religion is not limited to one or two men in a squadron; it affects groups of men together. One Chaplain told about a combat crew whose bomber had been crippled on a raid over Ponape when the enemy flak had been particularly heavy. As they left their smoking target behind them they agreed, with one accord, to fast on the long trip back to the Marshall Islands so that they could go to confession and make their Communion immediately after they had been interrogated by an intelligence officer.

Chaplains will tell these stories and speak in an offhand manner of their many duties, but they will not tell you their own part in assuring this fidelity to the teachings of the Church. Perhaps they don't even realize that from their

tireless efforts springs the cascade which freshens any lagging devotion to those teachings.

After the 7th AAF has systematically bombarded a Jap-held atoll, destroyed its defenses and, together with Navy and Marine fliers, spread a protective covering for the safe landing of ground troops, the Chaplain is among the first to land. There is nothing but ruins, death and Jap snipers. Almost immediately he sets up his portable altar and says Mass for the battle-tired men who eagerly await his coming. At the invasion of Kwajalein one of the Catholic Chaplains arrived on D-plus-4 day and said Mass, using the end gate of a small truck as an altar.

It is the same with all. They come ashore and begin their arduous rounds. Some of them pitch small tents where the men kneel on the sand and dirt, others place ciborium, chalice and missal on a rough board nailed to a tree-stump and still others drive from group to group in a jeep.

With these first ministrations completed, he hurries on to give absolution to the seriously wounded and dying, before he can begin the job of finding a better place than the tool-box of a jeep to set his altar. A fine chapel is what he wants for his men. But before that can be built, the words of the Mass will be heard coming from a supply tent, a Quonset hut, a mess hall, a hurriedly placed hospital tent or a rustic dwelling formerly used by the natives. But he always has his eye fixed on a real chapel where his men can worship in the kind of edifice they have known at home.

When it is built it will hold something personal to many men who worship there. The altar before which they receive the Eucharist may be built from scraps of plywood which they collected; the hassock on which they kneel may be constructed from empty fragmentation-bomb cases; the triptych may be painted by a bombardier, the tabernacle carved by a gunner and the seats may be boards which once encased a powerful engine for a 7th AAF bomber.

One of the most impressive chapels in the Central Pacific is on Kwajalein—small but esthetically appointed. It has a delicate tabernacle for the Blessed Sacrament and a series of Giottoesque Stations of the Cross, canonically erected. Here in the midst of a vast ocean two Chaplains say sixteen Masses each week.

If you were to follow one of the Chaplains for a day, you would find that the Mass, novenas and confessions form only a small part of his daily duties. He goes to the men instead of waiting for them to come to him. His advice is eagerly sought by those who have troublesome personal problems, which cover the familiar gamut of human foibles and emotions so well known to any parish priest at home.

Making the rounds of the hospital wards consumes part of his day and he is often called to the inevitable guard house where he is of assistance to the authorities alike and to the errant soldier confined there.

With these multiple rounds behind him he can turn to more pleasant work—conducting his classes for those who have signified a desire for instruction before Baptism and Confirmation into the membership of the Church. All of the Central Pacific Chaplains have held such classes. One priest in the Gilbert Islands instructed and baptized six men in two months—then started on another group.

Why do grown men suddenly feel the need for a sustaining religion? Is it through fear? Not exactly. Perhaps for the first time, this war, with its constant uncertainty, is greater than they are. It stimulates them to think about God and their small part in His universe, and slowly they develop a desperate need for a tie that will give them strength, courage and peace of mind.

The impetus for the decision to take the step toward

the outstretched hands of the Church comes in various ways. Often, it is a religious discussion in the enlisted men's barracks, or in an officer's tent—these talks sometimes grow from a remark carefully planted by one of the Chaplains. Gradually the man searching for an answer to his soul's indecisions will talk it over with one of his Catholic buddies and, being self-conscious at first, will ask this friend to be the intermediary between him and the priest.

Others have come directly to the priest because of an emotional disruption caused by the sudden death of a friend. Take the case of one whose friend had always said: "I think I will do something about going to church and Communion." But he procrastinated too long—he was killed on a bombing mission over the Caroline islands. It was too late for him, but not too late for his remaining friend.

It is interesting to note that movies which are shown nightly at 7th AAF bases have been known to have a steadying and provocative influence. Recently *The Song of Bernadette* has been making the rounds. The reactions from its skilful handling of the story, the artistry of its filming and the lyrical quality of its lines were heartening to the Chaplains who are keeping the Church alive for these men. Also, *Going My Way* had a stimulating effect on the work of the Chaplains.

WILL IT LAST?

An often-asked question is: "Will this seeking after, acceptance and devout practice of the teachings of the Church be a permanent part of the men's lives after the war? Or is it a temporary answer to a current emotional hysteria?" The Chaplains can answer that and they find the answer in the careful searching of the souls of these men and the truth that lies beneath. Their answer is: "No men, such as these, can weather the storm of war and find solace in the Church, only to cast it off like a worn-out vestment when the peace is won. Their debt of thankfulness to the Blessed Virgin will be too deeply imprinted on their hearts."

This is already being evinced by the way in which both those faithful to their religious teaching and the converts are giving their thanks and sharing what they have.

When our forces secured the islands of Apamama and Tarawa they found a number of nuns, Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and several elderly priests who had braved the Japanese occupation. When the Americans took Apamama the Sisters and priests were there to minister to them. The devotion the boys felt for them was shown in many ways—one was a spontaneous collection of over \$200 to help the advancement of the work among the natives. They followed this contribution with physical labor during their "off duty" hours. Another time a large number of men who had been members of the Holy Name Society gathered nearly \$600 for the Sisters at Tarawa—then shared food with them.

It is things such as these that repay the Chaplains for the long hours under the hot sun, the grime of coral dust, the tropic rains and the heart-rending presence of death. For this they will not return to your parishes covered with medals, but their labors here should stand as a symbol that your boys in the Pacific are being guided by the finest men trained by the Church.

Remember these men in the prayers you offer for the safe return of your own boys. And heed their urgent request—"Write to these boys often and pleasantly. Cheerful, loving letters can catapult a low morale to the greatest heights—sad, complaining letters can destroy all the work the Chaplain is striving to do."

MERCIER'S MESSAGE TO A WORLD AT WAR

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

IT was the day of national fête but the crowded capital was grimly silent, unseasonably sad. Other years, this day had been bright with bunting, alive with flags, loud with laughter. But today the throngs moved slowly, gaunt and tired like ghosts on a holiday. Black clothing and bandages were the vogue. It was July 21, 1916, in Brussels.

Désiré Cardinal Mercier, gallant leader of war-sick Belgium, faced the crowd which looked at him with somber expectancy, anxious to hear once more the words of courage and hope they had heard from him so often before. His text was the lament from the First Book of Machabees: "Jerusalem was made an habitation of strangers; her festival days were turned into mourning."

It was a smoldering summary of the two years of invasion, conquest, occupation and enslavement against which, time after time, the Cardinal had raised indignant and courageous protest. In a conference to his Deans a year later, he was to make it clear to them and all men that his idea of the true pastor did not mean a man whose person and activities were confined to the rectory and the church:

The faithful are exposed to perils of the body and of the soul, of time and eternity. The solicitude of their pastors should extend to all these interests. Listen again to Saint Thomas: "The pastors of the Church may not content themselves with resisting the wolves which cause the spiritual death of their flock. They should also oppose the ravishers of the people, and tyrants who cause physical suffering to their flock."

CHAMPION OF RIGHT AND LAW

When the *Kreischef* of the district of Malines failed to give any redress for the injustices perpetrated by the invader on the civilian population, Cardinal Mercier carried the fight to Baron von der Goltz, first German Governor-General of Belgium and Baron von Bissing, his successor. His letters to these men should survive as long as liberty is sacred and gallantry admirable.

He cried out against the mass punishments inflicted for individual crimes, in flagrant violation of Article 50 of the Hague Convention; against the levying of insupportable taxes on the Belgians, in violation of Articles 48 and 49. With the legal decisiveness of the philosopher that he was, he arraigned the occupation authorities for suspending Belgium's system of internal law and ruling by arbitrary decree.

The Hague Convention of October 18, 1907, had absolutely forbidden all modification of a conquered nation's own laws, except that which was absolutely necessary. This prohibition, incorporated into the forty-second article of the Convention, Germany had constantly flouted in Belgium. Yet Germany was a signatory to the article, von der Goltz had mentioned the Hague Convention in one of his earliest proclamations and von Bissing had solemnly declared: "His Majesty, the German Emperor, after the occupation of the Kingdom of Belgium by our victorious troops, has intrusted to me the administration of this country, and has ordered me to carry out the obligations arising from the Hague Convention."

Another bit of fire that gleams through the Cardinal's indignant letters to von Bissing was the enforced enlistment of labor battalions from the ranks of Belgium's man-

power, already cruelly decimated by the first avalanche of invasion. Besides breaking Article 52 of the Hague, as Mercier repeatedly showed, this custom provided German war industry with workers and freed Germans to fight against Belgium and her Allies.

APOSTLE OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY

This was the background of his sermon, that melancholy morning, July 21, 1916; these were the reasons why the people looked on him with affection and respect as their fearless champion. And against his backdrop of savagery, what was his message? "Our lips," he said, "purified by the fire of Christian charity, utter no words of hate." This was not an academic discussion of the central Christian law; this was operative Christianity in all its sublime starkness. He went on, wrestling with the dark angel of rancor in the hearts of his people:

To hate is to make it one's object to do harm to others and to delight in so doing. Whatever may be our sufferings, we must not wish to show hatred towards those who have inflicted them. Our national unity is joined with a feeling of universal brotherhood. . . . Let us pray for those who are no more. Let us exclude no one from our commiseration; the blood of Christ was shed for all.

Noble words at any time, they were, in those circumstances, little short of heroic. Yet even in that sermon he kept the equilibrium of Christian moderation, insisting that "our respect for unconditional justice" dominates "even this feeling of universal brotherhood"; affirming the existence of a juridical order which demands that "crimes, violation of justice, outrages on the public peace, whether enacted by an individual or by a group, must be repressed." This judicious balance was typical of all of Mercier's utterances. You will find in him none of Rex Stout's frenzy or Vansittart's "butcher-bird" imagery. He was, as Father Plus, the eminent French ascetical writer said of him, "so desirous for the truth, such a friend of union and charity."

PATRIOT

Mercier was a scholar of international reputation, founder of the Higher Institute of Philosophy at Louvain and author of several standard philosophical works; a sure master of asceticism, whose Conferences are already minor spiritual classics; a man of world vision who established the International Union for Social Studies in 1920 and who, by the Malines conversations, attempted to bring about a union of the Churches. As he lay dying, he bequeathed his ring to Lord Halifax, his good friend in those inter-credal efforts. His words should not be allowed to die, especially since they have such force for us today.

Out of these documents there emerges a rounded picture of Christian patriotism which is not merely an emotional quickening of the pulses to the tempo of rolling drums, but a virtue rooted in God and religion. It is "as a citizen and as a Bishop" that he mourns his country, in the Pastoral "Patriotism and Endurance." Here is the Christian citizen speaking:

For down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, and this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the public thing, *Res publica*. And this profound will within us is patriotism. . . . Our country is not a mere concourse of persons or of families inhabiting the same soil . . . it is an association of living souls, subject to a social organization to be defended at all costs, even the

cost of blood . . . the religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot.

Patriotism is "a sacred thing," priests should be its "best examples," it "is an offshoot of the greatest of Christian virtues, Charity." He lashes out again, in the address "Christian Vengeance," January 29, 1917, against those who "are even today incapable of ridding themselves of sectarianism, and show greater concern for their own future influence with the electorate than for national union."

But Mercier's strength was always tempered by charity. "We cannot exclude any from our prayers, even our enemies," he warns in his letter, "The Voice of God." In the same epistle, written in 1916 amid the ruins of his beloved Belgium, this great-hearted Christian could spare sympathy for another small nation whose chief crime was its defenselessness:

Poland, noble Poland, always faithful to her creed and her vows, who has never embarked on any war of conquest, but has always fought for the liberty of nations and for European civilization, has suffered more than we . . . pray for her, my brethren, and ask God to grant that at least one of the happy results of this horrible war may be the definitive recognition of the independence of Poland.

And in discussing timely topics like the black market and the cost of living, he indicates how practical is charity:

Charity towards individuals and legal justice—that is to say, respect for the common good—are also binding on the conscience, and this obligation becomes grave according to the gravity of the matter.

Still he had only the thinker's contempt for that sentimentalism which would debase objective justice to maudlin humanitarianism. The same address contains a fine exposition of Saint Thomas' doctrine on just anger and the due vindication of outraged justice.

The crimes against public order cannot remain unpunished. A prince who would exercise clemency systematically, would compromise public security. A people who would hold an amnesty with injustice, would be unworthy of liberty.

It is the same reasoning which, in "The Voice of God" repudiates "peace at any price." That "would be to accept with equal indifference justice and injustice, truth and falsehood; it would be an act of cowardice, an impiety." Thus, speaking "without anger and in no spirit of vengeance," he never ceased to point out that "the laws of conscience are sovereign laws." "War is not to be made except for the attainment of peace," as Augustine said; but unless justice triumphs peace is only a "preparation for war." Hence only the peace which the Popes, echoing the Psalmist, have advocated, will endure—"peace with justice."

Beneath all his arguments and through them, like a Divine current, is a constant call to prayer, the Sacraments, mortification. Often he compares Belgium's agony to the Passion; he reminds his flock of their need for expiation; encourages them to see the glow of Easter beyond the Cross—*Per crucem ad lucem*.

His message is worth pondering today when Belgium again lies chained and another eloquent exponent of Christian patriotism, Cardinal Van Roey, holds Mercier's place. For Mercier's wisdom was Catholic, not personal merely; it was his heritage from the Church he so ably represented; the Church which still calls men to justice and charity in the Divine patient hope that they who have been deaf so long may at last give ear, may at last learn.

GEN. GEORGE C. MARSHALL'S plan for the future army of the United States has added momentum to the drive for compulsory peacetime military training. For this reason it should be submitted to critical scrutiny.

The General first lays down two assumptions: 1) that his plan applies, not to the immediate aftermath of the war, but to the later period when the foundations for a peaceful world order will have been built; 2) "that the Congress will enact (as the essential foundation of an effective national military organization) that every able-bodied young American shall be trained to defend his country." He then weighs two possible types of peacetime military organization for the nation. One is the standing-army type, which he calls the German and Japanese system. This he rejects on the score that it "has no place among the institutions of a modern democratic state based upon the conception of government by the people." The second type is a relatively small standing army bolstered by a large citizen-army reserve. This second type General Marshall approves and makes the basis of his official directive to all officers planning the permanent postwar Army organization.

The most amazing feature of the plan is its bald assumption, as a predetermined policy of the nation, of something which neither the people nor their representatives in Congress have acted upon, namely, compulsory peacetime military service. It is difficult not to see in this a fairly plain attempt on the part of the military to dictate our national peacetime course of action. Whether we should have a large standing army or a small one strengthened by a large army reserve is one question. How we are to take care of the personnel needs of the one or the other type of military organization—whether by universal peacetime conscription or otherwise—is quite a different question. The General does no service to free and full discussion of these two *separate* questions by combining and confounding them.

A second peculiarity of General Marshall's plan is the argument he uses in rejecting the standing-army type of military organization. No doubt, a large standing army is open to serious objections. But the military organization in practically all European countries—General Marshall singles out only Germany and Japan—has not been just a standing army. It has been a standing army *and* a citizen army reserve. In all cases the standing army has been smaller than the army reserve; often it has been notably smaller. Germany's standing army prior to this war was only 650,000 and Japan's only 282,000, but their civilian army reserves, raised by compulsory military service, were a million and a half and two million respectively. It is therefore misleading to speak of the German and Japanese systems as the standing-army type of military organization. They were not. It is equally misleading to imply, as General Marshall does, that the evils of the German and Japanese systems resulted mainly or exclusively from their large standing armies. They both had the same military organization as that which General Marshall proposes for the United States—with the exception that possibly General Marshall envisages a smaller standing army than Germany and Japan had prior to 1939. It is nevertheless questionable whether his huge army reserve, to be raised by peacetime universal conscription, will not bring in its train most of the evils connected with the German and Japanese systems.

What is *new* in General Marshall's plan? Two things only: 1) a huge increase in our citizen army reserve (we have always maintained an army reserve); and 2) a new

method of raising this reserve—universal peacetime conscription. A substantial increase in our army reserve may be granted as necessary. It is by no means evident that peacetime conscription is necessary at all. The War Department, Congressional leaders, the Legion and other groups agitating for compulsory peacetime military training would do the country a far greater service by thinking of a democratic method of increasing our citizen army reserve. The way of peacetime conscription is the way of the dictators. No doubt it is an easier and more efficient way, but it is not the democratic way nor, in the long run, the best way.

UNRRA IN ITALY?

HURRYING home from Italy comes the Chief of the Allied Control Commission's economic section, Brig.-Gen. William V. O'Dwyer, to put before the Administration the urgent plight of the people of Italy. Part of that picture has been made public; let us look at it.

Infant mortality in Rome alone has risen from 287 per 1,000 live births in June, 1943, to 438 in July, 1944. An estimated 200,000 are dying annually from tuberculosis, as against a yearly pre-war 60,000. Before the war, the average Italian's diet contained 2,900 calories. In Rome for nine months before the Allied entry, the calory content had shrunk to 304.50, and since our occupation and control it has been increased only to 664.77, still well below the starvation level.

In the face of this mounting tragedy, it would seem that it is time for the United Nations not to boggle over the legal minutiae of the problem of relief. According to the Rome dispatches of Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick, the United Nations Rehabilitation and Relief Administration, the UNRRA, cannot legally function in Italy, for its services are restricted to members of the United Nations. Whatever may have been the later interpretations of the charter of UNRRA, that restriction does not appear in its official constitution. The preamble of that agreement reads: "Being determined that immediately upon the liberation of any area by the armed forces of the United Nations or as a consequence of the retreat of the enemy, the population thereof shall receive aid, etc. . . ." Further, Article I, paragraph 2a reads: "The purposes . . . of the Administration shall be . . . the relief of victims of war in any area under the control of any of the United Nations."

Whatever the legal loopholes, this is no time to quibble. If Italy can be saved from starvation and disease *only* by being granted more than her present status of co-belligerent; if she must be raised to fellowship with the United Nations, it would seem short-sighted policy to engage in lawyers' refinements. Italy has been begging for the chance to do more on the Allied side; Mr. Churchill has returned from Rome determined to keep Italy's friendship; Mr. Roosevelt, on the conquest of Rome, congratulated Italy on her "liberation." It is a strange liberation that throws out a foe that was actually common to Italy and the United Nations, and then lets the freed people waste away.

If Lend-Lease cannot immediately be applied to Italy, if the private relief agencies cannot cope with the task (and they seem unable to), then let what legal bars there may be to UNRRA's functioning there be removed. Italy would

be UNRRA's ideal proving ground; the nation would be spared untold hardship and other countries, soon to be freed, would take heart from the example.

Meantime, until some official action is taken, it remains for private charity to do all it can. The Pope himself is setting the pace there; more than one-fifth of the population of Rome is being fed by the Vatican. The Bishops' Relief Committee of the N.C.W.C. is still collecting in this country clothes and funds for Italy. But these are small measures compared to what the Allies can and must do.

CHINA UNDER FIRE

CHINA for a long time was the step-child of the United Nations. In recent months she seems to have become at the very least an erring daughter. It is being whispered in ever rising tones that she has Fascist tendencies, and it is really doubtful if she can be cured.

Side by side with the vilification of the National Government, there is growing a lyrical fondness for the Chinese Communist Party. Some accounts would have us believe that China's Red Army has been fighting the Japanese practically singlehanded. To date no Chinese Tito has been brought forward, but many Chinese observers are beginning to wonder if the fate of Mikhailovitch is not being prepared for Chiang Kai-shek.

China, we may not forget, under the leadership of Chiang, has been at war for over seven years. Even seven years ago, China was poorly prepared for a struggle against the military might of her neighbor. Every story of Nazi brutality to German Jews and Catholics at home and to Poles and Russians and French abroad can be matched in horrible detail in China. Slaughter, rape, destruction, disease, starvation, disruption: China bore them all.

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and started on their tour of successful conquest across the Pacific, they "made repeated offers of peace," says Dr. H. H. Kung, China's Minister of Finance, "couched in most tempting terms to induce China to give up what appeared then to be a hopeless struggle." He adds, "we did not falter. . . . We bogged down a million of Japan's fighting men whom the Japanese would have effectively employed elsewhere."

When military strategy dictated a primary concentration of men and materials on the European front, China patiently continued to fight and to suffer. She has suffered some of her most grievous blows in the last year. Now that victory is at last in sight, it is not only ungracious, it is suspicious that we should suddenly begin to discover that China's present government is not democratic, that China is a socially backward nation, that there are black markets and inflation and inequalities and rigorous censorship.

All this is in a certain measure true, and certainly not surprising. Seven years of war, while perhaps strengthening the democratic spirit of China, could hardly allow much scope for a development of democratic techniques. The solution is not, as seems to be implied in much of the propaganda, an abandonment of Chiang Kai-shek at the war's end, civil war and the rule of China's Communist Party. The solution is friendliness, sympathy, encouragement to enable the stricken nation to find her own way to a fuller enjoyment of democracy in spirit and in practice.

WHEN V-DAY COMES

WISHING to know what steps are being taken for the proper celebration of the day that Germany surrenders, AMERICA wrote to the mayors of various key cities asking what arrangements were being made there. The answers are encouraging, and show that, throughout the country, people feel two things: that the victory in Europe should not be the occasion for a let-down in the war effort on the home front; and that the victory celebrations should be worthy of the American people's great sacrifices and best aspirations.

From Cleveland, whence came the Cleveland Federation of Labor's "Work and Worship" plan, Mayor Frank J. Lausche writes:

While many people will want to rejoice, in my opinion, it [V-Day] ought to be a day of sacred meditation and prayer. It is necessary that we keep in mind that there are thousands of American homes where, because of sacrifices made in the war, laughter and song will not prevail.

He has asked the City Council to pass an ordinance prohibiting the sale of liquor for twenty-four hours after the news of European victory comes; and he has appointed a committee of Catholic, Protestant and Jewish leaders to arrange for appropriate religious services.

Roger D. Lapham, Mayor of San Francisco, is desirous of only a "passing observance" of V-Day. The West Coast is not in danger of forgetting that we have on our hands a long, tough war with the Japs which will not be suspended for V-Day celebrations. Like his Cleveland confrere, Mayor Lapham stresses the need of prayer as an integral part of V-Day. "Certainly," he writes,

the occasion of the arrival of peace in Europe should be a two-fold opportunity for prayer: first, to give thanks that peace has arrived in that sector; and secondly, to pray that worldwide peace will follow as quickly as possible.

A committee of citizens has been organized by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce to urge that the West Coast, and indeed the whole country, should give V-Day the "passing observance" which San Francisco plans.

Seattle is of the same mind. "We are urging our people to stay on the job and continue production," writes Mayor William F. Devin, "as the war is not over and there is a big job still to be done." Along with the Seattle Civilian War Commission, he has issued a statement urging the people to avoid riotous celebrations and rather to "rededicate themselves to a continuation of their war effort and to thank Almighty God for the successes that have been ours." Seattle is adopting the Cleveland "Work and Worship" slogan.

One point in the Cleveland Federation's plan is well worthy of study: that religious services be held in the industrial plants on V-Day. There should be little difficulty about organizing this. The various religious bodies could appoint clergymen in each parish who would go to a specified plant; the plant managers could easily arrange for places to which the workers could go when the news is announced. Millions of Americans would thus make their first celebration of victory a religious one, and would return to their work or their homes properly impressed by the solemnity of the occasion. Parish churches could arrange services to be held at the moment the news comes through. With goodwill and cooperation of pastors and people, America will celebrate V-Day in a worthy manner.

LITERATURE AND ART

WHERE IS OUR PROSE?

EUGENE BAGGER

WE HAVE NEVER produced much, but we used to produce a little, and it's all but gone. No ceiling price has been fixed, none is likely to be, on American prose by the OPA. The supply of it is infinitesimal, and demand for it is nonexistent. The little wisps of prose that slip by these days do so mostly disguised as war effort; *qua* prose they would not get far. To cut a long, sad story short: English prose (and American prose is English prose in its essence, becoming American by two or three of its accidents) is practically unsalable today in these United States, unless it be signed Somerset Maugham or two or three other names (of which more anon); in which case editors will overlook its being prose.

But the more candid kind of American magazine editor will tell you outright that he has no use for prose, because his public hates it. They hate it as something old-fashioned and opaque and resistant, as something slow and un-democratic, as something that delays their getting they do not quite know where. What their hurry is I could never understand; I am like the Chinese visitor—so old and yet ever-young—who inquired why people changed from subway locals to expresses, and when told that they saved three minutes that way inquired what they did with the three minutes. In the fall of 1940 I asked practically the same question of that excellent editor and sterling person, the late regretted Lee Hartman of *Harper's* magazine. He had just handed back to me the typescript of two articles dealing with the war from a philosophical angle; and he was very apologetic about it.

"The trouble is," he said, "they are essays, not magazine articles. Now ten years ago we should have gladly published them. In those days we published quite a few essays, including, as you will recall, several of your own. But something has changed. Nowadays the public does not want essays. What's wrong with your pieces is not so much that their matter is tough; it is rather that your writing is too closely-knit. They like lighter stuff; they want to save mental effort." I asked what they were saving their minds for, and Mr. Hartman said he did not know.

Today, most people in the United States do not care for prose. They don't know prose when they see it, but they know what they dislike. What they sometimes like, and mistake for good writing, is mannered writing, if only it is pretentious enough and handled by a good publicity manager. They like, for instance, the pure theatrical ballyhoo of the pseudo-tough-guy writing of Ernest Hemingway. Mr. Hemingway's prose reminds me of my friend Terry. This Terry was a native of Cork and a major in the British army on the retired list, and I met him many years ago in the south of France. His behavior in Riviera society was built around the joke that he was a stage Irishman who drank up everything in sight, especially whiskey. In acting out this joke Terry used to drink up everything in sight, especially whiskey. Mr. Hemingway's prose is like that. It seeks to hide an adolescent crudeness by pretending to be crude and adolescent. It seeks to hide contempt for ideas by pretending to despise ideas. It seeks to hide a wishy-washy sentimentality by pretending to talk like a great big hurt child pretending to talk like a tough guy. A rough exterior,

bought for de-luxe camping at Brooks Brothers, is ostentatiously worn as a disguise for a heart of gold. Only there is no heart of gold.

There is also the quasi-prose of Mr. H. L. Mencken. In that feudally ordered society to which his sympathies seem to incline, Mr. Mencken would probably have run an outstandingly good German-American restaurant in Baltimore, specializing in the best available hock, the best *Hasenpfeffer*, home-made *Sulze*, and *Baumkuchen* fit for such kings as like *Baumkuchen*. After thirty-five years of this, Mr. Mencken would probably have produced an extremely readable volume of Rabelaisian reminiscences. But, taking advantage of the cultural vacuum of an effete democracy which he affects to despise, Mr. Mencken rushed to establish, before he had reached his prime, a school of writing which substituted cocksureness for knowledge and sneers for understanding, and aimed to combine Voltairean wit with the berserk rage of Nietzsche by the simple expedient of calling doctors *medicos* and ward bosses *politicos*, or sometimes, to avoid monotony, *politicoes*.

Still, most professional fine writing that gets by these days does so because of some additional and extraneous merit, such as sleeping-bags. It is appreciated *qua* fine writing only by our élite, and the best I can say for these élite is that they go in for highly-seasoned quasi-prose as they go in for Mexican late suppers, not too often, preferring for everyday consumption—as who wouldn't—scrambled eggs.

What in these United States best sells as prose is simply more or less grammatical writing that gets across what its writers pack into it of information or entertainment; in other words, the kind of writing that should be (but is not) achieved by any high-school graduate. What makes the mass production of such writing, and its mistaking for literature, possible is the brilliant success of the American system of education in making all minds as alike as two cans of Heinz cream-of-tomato soup. Please understand that I have the greatest respect for Heinz cream-of-tomato soup. It is a masterpiece in the order of second bests; it is unbeatable on a very high and extremely useful level of mediocrity. Personally, I prefer it to home brew by most amateurs; as long as I can't have soup made by our own Emily, who was born at Sampierdarena near Genoa and who for the past four years has probably been bestowing her Ligurian works of art on some German *Kommandant* in Cannes, I'll as soon eat Heinz tomato soup as any other.

So much for soup. As for the American system of education, the only difference between minds that it encourages is a certain margin which a few minds acquire over most minds in the matter of: a) miscellaneous information, ranging from international politics via beaver-dams, endocrine glands, Paul Bunyan, birth control, the use of plastics, and maté-growing in Brazil, to whatever may appear to the reader as a suitable last link of this series; b) what might be called fun-potential. To sum up: good writing in the United States of today means too often simply the kind of writing that gets across: a) information or b) fun with the least expenditure of effort at both the transmitting and the receiving end.

It may occur to some readers to point out that writing which gets across worth-while information without trouble is not such a bad thing; and I should add, no, it is much better than a culture of purple patches, which latter I am

inclined to reserve, in all its possible senses, to the jurisdiction of Mr. Paul De Kruif. At the same time (and this is what I was getting at all along) the American conception of good writing results in this: that you could take twenty-five of our best writers (and I don't mean freak best-sellers either, but authors who have solid values, of this kind and that, to offer) and you could construct a book by pulling sentences or groups of sentences out of each and putting them together, and it would make quite a good book and *nobody would notice that it is synthetic*. And this is what I mean when I say that there is no English prose written in the United States today.

What I mean by English—or, if you prefer, American—prose contrasts with the current standardized utility-writing pretty much as King's College, Cambridge, England, contrasts with a \$500,000 brand-new excellently built pleasing-to-the-eye high-school building in Brooklyn or Des Moines or Seattle, the latter being in some ways much better fitted to be the scene of pumping information into scholars while keeping them in a happy frame of mind, than King's College ever was. Now in the field of architecture the distinction I have just suggested is obvious; but in literature it has been forgotten.

Here follow, for what they are worth, five criteria for separating English prose from the other thing:

1. That it obtains the maximum effect with a minimum of apparatus by making every word do all the work it is capable of, and suppressing all idle words.

2. That the substitution of a "near enough" word for one used destroys the balance and alters the meaning of the sentence.

3. That whenever choice is possible between a plain everyday word (not necessarily a Saxon word) and a fancy (colorful or learned) one, the plain word is chosen.

4. That adjectives and adverbs are never allowed to carry the weight of a sentence, this being the job of verbs and nouns, adjectives and adverbs being mere auxiliaries.

5. That the diction has a distinctive rhythm as inseparable from the texture of thought as it is in the best music.

You will have to admit that these criteria circumscribe fairly well the essence of good prose. Apply them now to any one of the twenty-five contemporary American writers you have most esteem for, and see what is left of them.

Apply them for instance to Mr. Marquand, who is beyond question one of the best. He will disappear like water through a sieve. No, perhaps not like water through a sieve. He will do better than most on criteria three and four. But he will show indifferently on number one, and numbers two and five will wipe him out. And why? Because he, like so many of our current best, not so much comes from journalism as has never really left journalism. And the essence of journalism, at least of contemporary American journalism, is that if somebody rewrites it in different words it remains just as good. (You could not do that to Veuillot; but if he was a journalist he was neither contemporary nor American.) You can do that to Marquand. Try to do it to Poe or Hawthorne or Melville (not that I am a Melville fan) and you will find that what *they* tell you cannot be re-told by somebody else without becoming something else.

Or take such an excellent publicist as Mr. Walter Lippmann. Mr. Lippmann is one of our clearest and most cogent thinkers, and his writing reflects the clarity and cogency of his thought. Yet I am sure Mr. Lippmann would be among those who recognize that his writing is not great prose in the sense in which the writing of Cobbett or Hilaire Belloc or Santayana is great prose. Not everybody can reason so

lucidly and soundly as Mr. Lippmann; but the few who can are apt to put their reasoning into pretty much the same sort of prose as that written by Mr. Lippmann; and there you are.

Here is what makes the *Reader's Digest* possible. And of course the *Reader's Digest*, once it exists, makes for perpetuating and aggravating that which made its existence possible. Ninety-six per cent of contemporary American writing, more or less, can be served up by the *Digest* technique without loss to itself or the reader. Now whatever can be "digested" is not English prose. Try to "digest" the Gettysburg Address. If you say the Gettysburg Address is short enough, try to "digest" a typical page out of *The Stones of Venice*, or Chesterton, or Belloc, or Elia, or Hazlitt, or Cobbett, or Swift, or Burke, or Doughty, or Sir Walter Scott and Joseph Conrad at their best.

Then try another experiment: try to put into "digest" form a page of Henry James or Branch Cabell, and you will find it can't be done, but for a different reason: there is nothing to digest, it is just words. But this does not apply to the few pages of Henry James in which he achieves great writing; it does apply to his averages. He is probably the best butt of high-class literary parody that ever was; see Max Beerbohm's *A Christmas Garland*. He cannot be summarized, either at his best or at his worst.

All of which leaves us with three classes of writing that is commonly designated as prose on the slender ground that it is not poetry:

1. Real prose, in which matter and form are related as body and soul are related in a man.

2. Good plain prose. I borrow the adjectives from the British cliché "good plain cook," meaning a cook who will not burn the good plain beef stew; but you can't be sure about her pastry. Here matter, such as it is (and often it is very good) counts for everything, and form is related to such matter as ready-made clothing (which in the United States can be excellent) is related to the body.

3. Fancy prose, where nothing matters except the manner; form and matter being related as the copy of a Chanel gown is related to the manikin (I mean that, not a mannequin) it is displayed on.

I submit that about ninety-six per cent of contemporary American writing belongs to the second category; about three per cent to the third, and one per cent, or less, to the first. The first category includes, to my mind, the collected works of George Santayana; the best of Msgr. Fulton Sheen; the best, respectively, of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Ludwig Bemelmans; two or three short stories each by Ring Lardner and Dorothy Parker. At that, I am not quite happy about Ring Lardner; it is some time since I read him last. But there must be three or four authors more who belong, only I cannot think of them just now. Anyway, this list is not put forward as a judgment without appeal, but merely as a kind of blank form with the first few lines filled in to show the way. You fill in your own choices; the one per cent is not likely to be exceeded.

And should you question, or even be jarred by, my selection, and especially by my listing President Roosevelt and Mr. Bemelmans, a playful and seemingly un-serious sort of author, side by side, I would suggest yet another test. Take the best pages from *The Donkey Inside* and *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep* and ask whether they were worth writing. The answer is, certainly. Then ask if anybody in the world except Mr. Bemelmans could have written them. The answer is, certainly not. The same goes for Mr. Roosevelt's best speeches; and it is the test of prose that will be alive long after its author is dead.

POETRY

MIDNIGHT PLANE

Always the midnight sky has had its silent men
Whose faces turned to the still processional of stars,
Feeling eternal winds move coolly on their hair,
Knowing their friendship with Andromeda and Mars.

So Galileo, seeking far and late for truth,
Saw stately Jupiter and slow-paced Saturn take
Their tranquil-patterned progress through the high-curved
dark
And knew the kind of awe that makes the hushed throat
ache.

So Diaz and Magellan above their cleaving prows,
So many a nameless wanderer helmed to the westward
foam,
Searched with his lonely gaze that vast inverted sea,
Remembering thus the way the heavens looked at home.

Now through the starry nights the great planes climbing
high,
Clean from the tattered mists around great cities curled,
Bear valiant men who keep the ancient far-eyed faith
Of those who watch horizons wheel around the world.

FRANCES HALL

A POET TO HIS WIFE

Never for you the riches or the treasures
That other women know; always, instead,
The meagre fruits by which a hard world measures
Its unconcern with dream. Unheralded,
You move across your quiet days and find
The little tasks that to the hours belong;
In your wise world the heart obscures the mind,
And love transcends the glory and the song.

Never shall any day or any year
Bring even half the things your hands would cherish;
No ship shall come your way; but oh, my dear,
You may be sure of this: though we should perish
On time's last barren slope, my heart would vest you
With a richer love than if a king possessed you.

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

AFTERNOON WALKS

When I was small and very young
The grown-ups that I lived among
However close they seemed to be
Were swiftly swept apart from me
Whenever on our walks we'd find
A wall I could not see behind.

It was no help to me when they,
My mother, or my nurse, would say:
"There's nothing but a house and trees—"
I could not picture only these
Nor believe, however I might try,
That a house, like any one's, might lie
So secret, shut away from view
Where people lived, like those I knew.

There was no understanding then
A world where ordinary men
Without some fearful thing to hide
Might raise a wall and live inside.
And on the same day, laughter-hung,
That I had set off, eager, young,
Holding the hand I still must hold
I'd come back home alone and old.

ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

BOOKS

POPULAR-FRONT MENACE

LABOR LAWYER. By Louis Waldman. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$3.50

IN A TINY Ukrainian village, where his father kept an inn and, together with the priest, provided such book learning as the peasants needed, a boy dreamed of America, and freedom, and of following the law. Eventually, after years of grinding struggle, that dream came true and today Louis Waldman is one of the most highly-regarded labor lawyers in the country.

This book is the story of that dream come true. It is a good story, told with engaging simplicity and sincerity. But it is much more than a story. It is a campaign document, a call to a crusade, a jeremiad, a sturdy profession of faith. Louis Waldman is up in arms. He is up in arms because he believes that the liberty and opportunity which led him to this country thirty-five years ago are in mortal danger. He professes to know whence that danger comes, and he is not afraid to point an accusing finger, to give dates and places, to call the termites by name. The result is a very explosive addition to contemporary labor history and "leftist" literature—one that is going to make some prominent faces red and generate angry denials.

To come to the point at once: Mr. Waldman charges that the Communist Party is using, and using successfully, the "Popular-Front" technique to gain control of the CIO and the New Deal. Here is his description of the alarming process:

In its early stages Communism sought to "unite" with all other working-class organizations, such as Socialist and labor parties, trade unions and fraternal orders, to present what it called a United Front to the "enemy." Through the United Front the Communists were certain—and in this they were not wrong—that they could undermine and destroy the organizations with which they united and that they themselves would ultimately be The Front. The Popular Front is world-wide Communism's new technique. It consists in uniting with those *non-working-class bodies*, political and cultural, willing to work with the Communists. Under the complex teaching of Popular Frontism, all those willing to work with the Communists are "progressives" and "democrats" while all those who oppose them, or are not willing to unite with them, are "fascists."

Now that passage is from the pen of a man who for a long time was a leader of the Socialist Party, an intimate of Hillquit and Norman Thomas, a proponent of social-security legislation when such legislation was widely regarded as subversive. It was written, that is to say, by a professional Leftist who is in a position to know all that is to be known about radical ideology in the United States. His indictment, therefore, cannot be lightly dismissed as "Red-baiting."

On the other hand, one wonders whether the author's judgment has not been somewhat disturbed by his long struggle against Communism and Left-wing Socialism. For instance, he sees the CIO dominated by two major blocs, one Communist and the other Radical Socialist. But this neat division fails utterly to explain the predominant influence exercised in CIO affairs by the United Steelworkers of America, which is neither Socialist nor Communist. It fails to explain Philip Murray, James Carey, R. J. Thomas, Richard Leonard, Sherman Dalrymple and many another powerful CIO leader. Admittedly the CIO is a confusing phenomenon, but it does not become less confusing when seen through AFL and right-wing Socialist-tinted spectacles.

On two important points, this reviewer heartily agrees with Mr. Waldman. The first point is that it is impossible to trust or to work with American Communists. Sooner or later the CIO and other progressive groups must meet this issue head on. The second point is that the thinking of many "liberals" is shot through and through with totalitarianism. This is one reason why the business of social reform must be delicately conducted today.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

CATHOLIC, MARTYRED POLAND

WE STOOD ALONE. By Dorothy Adams. Longmans, Green and Co. \$3

WARSAW and its long-endured and now critical agony pulse in one's consciousness like a somber undertone beneath the gayety and heroism of this notable autobiography. Let it be said at the outset that you will put down this book with no clear outlines of the Polish problem in mind; the total effect created by all the discussion of the political ins and outs in these pages is one of bewilderment. What is Poland? Where are its natural boundaries? Can it ever exist as a nation with a mighty Russia looming to the East? These and many another question really have no answer here, and that is perhaps the real value of the book—that it makes one realize that the problem cannot be solved by simplistic measures.

But no; that is not true. The greatest value of the book is its revelation of what Poland was. We of the West have not realized that Poland was not a sluggish, unprogressive nation that needed the patronage of greater powers in order to awake and stir. Despite its many partitions, despite its convenient position as football between Russia and Germany, after the last war Poland had begun to take giant strides. Social legislation—with enlightened measures in housing, agrarian problems, cooperative medicine—was farther advanced at the outbreak of the present war than in any other European country, with the possible exception of some of the Scandinavian countries. The pity of it is that just when these reforms by Poland for Poland were bearing such promising fruit, the armies of Germany and Russia brought all to ruin.

This, then, is the task Miss Adams has vividly accomplished in her memoirs. She was a Boston girl who went to London to study at that city's School of Economics. There she met and fell in love with Jan Kostanecki, the son of the Rector of the University of Cracow. With her marriage to him and her resolve to throw herself into Polish life and culture, began an adventurous diplomatic life. Her husband served on several important economic commissions, and to most of the capitals of Europe she accompanied him. The pages of her story are dotted with important names, and Miss Adams manages the difficult task of talking about the great without seeming merely to parade her own oblique importance.

Upon her husband's death in a plane crash, Miss Adams returned to this country where she lectures on Poland, thus trying to do by word of mouth what this volume achieves so well—to give us an insight into Poland and its culture.

That culture, as portrayed in her book, is deeply and movingly Catholic. Many of the persons she met and lived with, notably her mother-in-law, were truly Catholics of saintly mettle, and throughout there is a warmth and affection in family life that is quite beautiful. It was this atmosphere, undoubtedly, that finally brought Miss Adams to embrace the Faith from which such Christ-likeness sprang.

Sympathy for Poland, the first nation, be it remembered, to resist heroically and with no illusions the Christlessness of Nazism, as it had that of Bolshevism, will be deepened by Miss Adams' affection for that land of her adoption. If that sympathy becomes widespread and vocal enough, perhaps this truly martyr nation may yet emerge from this war with enough strength and freedom to resume her march toward the Catholic social reconstruction she was attaining before being crushed between the upper and the nether millstone.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

BLITZ BEFORE PANZERS

RANGER MOSBY. By Virgil Carrington Jones. University of North Carolina Press. \$3.50

JOHN SINGLETON MOSBY well deserves a volume in the interesting and scholarly series of studies in Southern history being published of late years by the University of North Carolina Press. The present book gives us a full portrait of a man who has been little known except as a name and a legend. Historians of the conflict between North and South usually give but few passing and disconnected refer-

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ences to Mosby and his guerilla fighters, yet for nearly three years they were a nightmare and a terror to every Federal soldier in northern Virginia; even Sheridan could not outguess him or block his daring raids.

Mosby, a quiet-spoken Virginia lawyer, enlisted as a private in the Confederate Army at the outbreak of the war. In 1863, when just thirty years of age, he organized his own command of light cavalry and began his thrilling career as scout and raider in the northern valley of Virginia. The daring raids into the Federal lines—on one of which he dragged General Stoughton from his bed and carried him off a prisoner—attacks on supply trains and storage depots, the elusiveness and speed with which he passed at will through enemy-held territory, read more like fiction than sober fact.

Mosby did not consider cavalry as an offensive weapon but as a scouting and delaying arm whose purpose was to upset and confuse the plans of the enemy. He used small, highly trained detachments to strike unexpectedly inside the enemy's lines, gather information and plunder, destroy supplies and disrupt communications. How well his tactics succeeded can be seen from the amount of damage he inflicted upon the enemy, the small losses of men he suffered, the exasperation and angry denunciations of his enemies, whose outcries of "outlaw," "brigand" and countless uprintable epithets proved what a menace they considered him.

The author stresses the interesting and timely comparison between the tactics of Mosby's men and the Commandos of the present war, showing that sound strategy is never outdated and that, with all the technical advances in modern warfare, the soldier can still learn much from the past. His account of Mosby's military activities is full and complete; perhaps a bit too much in detail at times, but always thrilling and dramatic. While not the equal of Jeb Stuart or Forrest, Mosby showed himself their apt disciple and deserves mention along with those romantic geniuses whose daring, imagination and military skill have won for them a permanent place in the history of warfare.

The story does not end with Lee's surrender. The author follows his hero through the long years of politics, law practice and lecturing until he died a lonely and embittered old man in 1917. A half-century of anticlimax to three years of glory. Perhaps those last years would have been less futile and lonely if he had turned to the Faith of his Catholic wife and children.

F. J. GALLAGHER

GEORGE BANCROFT: BRAHMIN REBEL. By Russel B.

Nyc. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50

IF EVER one sought a key to the obtuse mentality that not seldom afflicts diplomatic agents, he has it in this masterly study of George Bancroft. Bancroft, Ambassador in London during the latter years of James Knox Polk, in Berlin when Bismarck was fashioning the modern Leviathan of the German Empire, had a most pleasant stay in the capitals whose undercurrents brought forth the powers of the twentieth century.

By all American standards he should have known what was going on. He was the first great historian of this country, a man of very wide scholarship and of uncommon ability in speech and composition. In his twenties he had enjoyed three industrious years in the great centers of German learning. He had traveled in Europe extensively, knew thirty or forty of the outstanding Europeans of his time on terms of close familiarity. His research agents sent him copies and memoranda from many famous archives. To top it off, he had been a Cabinet Minister—in charge for a time of both Army and Navy secretariats in the critical days of the Mexican War, and he gave advice and hospitality to the leading American statesmen of our Civil War era.

And yet, in his reports from the Berlin of Bismarck, Molke and Roon, he saw nothing more than the flowering of liberty. His grandiose history of the United States breathes the same spring perfume of absolute belief in the constant progress of man, from ignorance and tyranny to intuitive reason, perfect knowledge and the millenium of popular rule in every matter of life. In one point only did he fall short of his contemporary Hegel. Hegel thought the Germanic "soul" the triumph of history. To Bancroft the "soul" of every nation was on the ascendant. And he knew none of them, except perhaps his own. This brief summary

may point the moral: for the name of Bancroft rarely enters the list of those who made history. He did write it, and to him multitudes of our past generations owe their reverence for American institutions. He was read here almost as voraciously as was his friend Macaulay in the England of his day. His search for documents brought to American writing a monumental collection of historical materials.

It is enough to say of this present volume that it does a first-class job with an interesting subject. Russel Nye, despite the jibe at his Ph.D. style in *Newsweek* of August 14, knows how to write. His picture of the "slavery issue" (pages 202-203) would do credit to any gallery of letters. He may well lay down his pen with satisfaction and say: "I give you George Bancroft." W. EUGENE SHIELDS

CLUNY BROWN. By Margery Sharp. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50

CLEVERLY constructed and really funny in spots, this is rather on the Wodehouse style and, hence, engaging light reading. Cluny, the heroine, impulsive, unpredictable, with a vaguely disturbing look of being not beautiful, but "somebody," gallops coltishly through naive escapades. These end up with her sudden elopement—on the eve, practically, of her wedding to Mr. Wilson, the very proper chemist—with Mr. Belinski, the exiled Pole in hiding at Friars Carmel, the country house where Cluny has been put in service by her Uncle Arn, because she "didn't know her place."

There is a good deal of sly and keen criticism of English social life in these witty pages; several of the episodes have a sexy innuendo; but the touch is always light enough to save them from being infection-spots. Those who like a dash of rather pleasant cynicism in their light fiction will relish this excursion. DONALD G. GWYNN

THE ECONOMICS OF MILITARY OCCUPATION. By Henry S. Bloch and Bert F. Hoselitz. University of Chicago Press. \$1.25

THIS HANDBOOK should be of value to those who are little acquainted with the complexities of administering occupied countries.

The United States has already embarked on reorganizing the life of civilized nations, like the Italians and the Mohammedans of North Africa. Then there are the partially civilized islands of the South Pacific. It seems probable that new and extensive areas will have to be entirely reconditioned, as the result of the conquests of our arms. Each country is a different problem.

This new handbook describes what has been done, and what is yet proposed. It gives a summary of what the British, Germans and Japanese have attempted to accomplish in the areas they have occupied. The Axis nations have reoriented the life and trade of occupied countries primarily to benefit themselves as superior races. The American and British ideal is to reestablish nations on their own feet and for their own benefit. This requires a different kind of administration from that of our enemies.

The economics of military occupation is a subject which few of our citizens have given attention to. It would be well worth while to look into it, as it is certainly going to require action by the United States. The book of Professors Bloch and Hoselitz is a good introduction. CONRAD H. LANZA

TREATY PORTS. By Hallet Abend. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$3

THIS BOOK will be read for its informative rather than its literary value, and for an acquaintance with questions rather than solutions regarding our relations with China and Japan. The information it offers, in chapters of unequal value and little organic connection, is sketchily descriptive rather than analytical and interpretative, with the exception of the last few chapters, which have a tone and purpose of their own, constituting a bold summary of our Far Eastern policy of the last four or five decades.

Treaty ports were those Chinese and Japanese towns—not necessarily sea ports—which were opened to Western trade on the basis of treaties often obtained by force or the threat of force and in which the Western communities enjoyed the now extinct privilege of self-government and

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THEATRE

their own jurisdiction in cases of civil or criminal conflicts. In these places both the white and the yellow race seem to have developed forms of life peculiarly romantic as well as depraved, and there is stuff in these pages for the lower spheres of Hollywood.

Mr. Abend, although not entirely unsympathetic in the matter, has some things to say on the Missions which are not consoling. He notes an almost complete lack of knowledge of, or understanding for, the native mentality and institutions on the part of most missionaries (the Catholics get a better mark than the Protestants); he notes the confusion arising from the unhappy fact that Christianity is preached in so many different versions; the confusion arising from the cleavage between the missionaries on the one side, the traders and bankers on the other. He notes that while the missionaries were critical of some of the methods used by their nation's governments and merchants, they participated, of necessity, in the advantages gained for the white man by these methods. There are lessons here to ponder.

The author is consistent in his condemnation of the Japanese—he does not give them the benefit of a distinction between the bad and the possibly good—but he fails to arouse warmth and affection for the Chinese, lavishing his irony on Westerners and Chinese alike. The book is interesting in its wealth of competent and often intriguing detail and, had Mr. Abend not left, at the end, the path of the rather easy-going narration of the first twenty-odd chapters in favor of what aims to be penetrating analysis, one might let it go at that and not miss, somehow, a constructive note or conclusion of some sort.

M. STAERK

AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. Paul J. Glenn, Ph.D., S.T.D. B. Herder Book Co. \$3

DR. GLENN has written another good text for the college student. His latest book has the same clarity and simplicity of style as the others. Especially helpful to the student are the divisions given at the beginning of each chapter and the summaries at the end of the articles within the chapters. This plan will enable the student to review the matter quickly and thoroughly.

The first part of the book is arranged genetically. It treats of the origin and growth of philosophy. The second part follows the division the author employed in his different texts in systematic philosophy. He begins with Logic and Criteriology, then treats of General and Special Metaphysics and closes with Ethics. In each of these sections he uses much the same method. He defines the principal terms and indicates the major divisions of the subject. These chapters on Logic, Criteriology, Ontology, Cosmology, Psychology, Natural Theology and Ethics aim to set forth the content of these branches of philosophy in as complete a way as possible in a course that must necessarily be brief. And throughout the book there is an insistence upon the *philosophia perennis* as the one true philosophy.

Many might find fault with the text because of its lack of bibliography. This is certainly a serious defect in a book which purposes to introduce the student to the true philosophy. The least he can be expected to know as he starts on his course in philosophy is a few of the reliable sources of his study. Moreover, though the second part of the book is divided into questions, the treatment is hardly a questioning type. The text runs along too smoothly to develop the critical attitude expected of a philosopher. However, these defects should not give the impression that the book is not a valuable introduction to philosophy for a college student.

J. C. GLOSE, S.J.

LYNN D. POOLE, Captain in the Air Corps, sent his account of Chaplains and men in the air service from the Central Pacific, where he is on duty.

REV. WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J., formerly of the AMERICA Staff, is at present engaged in Retreat work. EUGENE BAGGER, author of *For the Heathen Are Wrong*, resides in Bermuda, whence he contributes to many American periodicals.

M. STAERK is Professor of International Relations at Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa.

LOWER NORTH. I may as well admit with my first drop of ink that *Lower North*, Max J. Jelin's new offering at the Belasco Theatre, is another disappointment to New York's eager theatregoers. Written by Martin Bidwell, a young man who has had a lot of Hollywood experience in editing the plays of other authors, much was expected of *Lower North*; but the author does not do justice either to the American Navy or the American theatre.

The play has to do with lads being trained for the Navy, and there ought to be good comedy possibilities in that theme. But one of the principal troubles with Mr. Bidwell's script is that he shows us too many varieties of sailors and too many adventures of theirs, without making his material either original or plausible.

Dort Clark, as Cochran, has the "fattest" role, judging by the length of time he is on the stage; but he greatly overplays the part of the Navy lad who is always in trouble, and whose troubles are not very amusing. All they do for him on the Belasco stage is to lead him into exaggerated and desperate underlinings of his role in a grim determination to make it funny. As the author failed to collaborate toward this end, the actor's efforts merely lead him into more trouble.

Arthur Hunnicutt, another young man who takes his work seriously, is also a sufferer from the infelicities of his role, an experience which almost every member of the cast shares with him in lesser degree. In short, *Lower North* is another of the sad examples we have been offered so frequently this autumn, and should prove that it calls for more than a flow of words to make a play.

Mr. Jelin, the producer, has done his part well in the matter of sets. He has given us three pretty good ones. Also, his costumes are good. But his director, David Burton, was seemingly too overwhelmed by the lacks in the play to do a careful job in the staging. Mr. Burton gives his audience, instead, the general impression that he has thrown up his hands, leaving it to some one else to wrestle with his various problems.

Altogether—and very reluctantly, for I am almost as sorry for the company as for the audiences—I must add *Lower North* to the previous disasters of this new season. At the time I write, however, we have *Song Of Norway*, which aside from its book is reported to be making a strong appeal to its audiences. There are also half a dozen additional plays announced for the near future, several of which sound promising. The season is still very young and at least a hundred and fifty more new plays have been promised us. We can surely count on the production of about a hundred of them, including some very good ones.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

CASANOVA BROWN. This is one of those comedies where individual scenes and performances score, putting the story and general effect very much in the background. It is as madcap escapist fare that this record of a sly, small-town professor's romantic tangles makes its biggest impression. Laughs galore pile up when Casanova Brown's complicated love affairs, particularly his amazing and amusing devotion to his daughter, are aired for the audience. With a first, brief marriage annulled, the susceptible pedagogue plans for a second try at matrimony, only to learn that he is the father of a girl whom her mother intends to give up for adoption. Things happen fast from there on, and the furious pace is dotted with unexpected hilarity. As the over-zealous father who assumes his duties in such an unconventional manner, Gary Cooper is delightful. Teresa Wright is sweet and appealing as the first wife, while Anita Louise has the brief role of the prospective second Mrs. Brown. Frank Morgan and Patricia Collinge give unforgettably comic performances, he as the cynical parent of the bride-to-be, she as the astrology-mad mother of the first bride. All of the nonsense in this farce—and some of it is rather broad at times—adds up to fair diversion for adults. (R.K.O.-International)

TILL WE MEET AGAIN. First of all, everyone concerned with the offering should be complimented for having handled a delicate theme with understanding and restraint. Here is the story of a young French novice who dons peasant clothes and guides an American aviator across France, with the aid of the underground, to safety in England, as atonement for her share in having jeopardized his safety with German officers, and because she feels her murdered Mother Superior would have it so. The flight of these two is filled with suspense, for the moments when they and their friends match wits with the Gestapo are terrifying ones. In contrast, there is the fragile, beautiful relationship between the man, who speaks frequently about his beloved wife and son in America, and the girl who emerged from the security of her cloister only to perform a deed of courage and heroism. Ray Milland and Barbara Britton handle these roles tastefully and intelligently. As the valiant, kindly Reverend Mother, Lucile Watson's delineation is a triumph. Much of the tale's melodrama has been treated before, quite often in fact, and the picture never reaches the heights of drama toward which it aims. However, despite some flaws, *mature* audiences are bound to be moderately pleased with the piece. (*Paramount*)

MARY SHERIDAN

PARADE

PAST and present—what sharp contrasts they forge! . . . Housewives battling nobly with present prices in the grocery line will cast longing eyes back to the year 1820 when they learn that beef and veal were then selling for seven cents a pound, pork for eleven cents, mutton and lamb for five, butter for fifteen cents, and eggs for twelve cents the dozen. . . . No air-conditioning existed in the year 1791, but that year did beget a suggestion that anticipated modern air-cooling principles. A new capitol on the Potomac was being planned. On July 4, 1791, John Carey, of 96 South Street, New York, wrote to Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson in an effort to interest him in a scheme to utilize saltpeter for cooling the chambers of Congress then readying for construction. . . . Before Columbus there were no potatoes in Europe. . . . The Spaniards found the white potato high in the Andes Mountains and took it to Europe somewhere around the year 1580. They called it "papas." . . . Somehow or other, the name for the sweet potato, *batatas*, was transferred to its white brother, and in English became "potato." . . . For many centuries man had to get along without sugar. . . . First called "sweet salt," sugar found its way west from China. . . . The fabulous Roman banquets of Lucullus and others of his class never heard anyone say: "Please pass the sugar." . . . In Shakespeare's day in England, sugar was on hand only at feasts for the rich and even for them only occasionally. In those days, the ordinary people existed almost entirely on meat and bread. . . . The Arabs carried sugar to Spain around the year 700 A.D. Explorers brought it to Brazil and Mexico in the year 1553. . . . Sugar was not used by the average man in England until around the year 1580. . . .

Missing, also, in the world of the long distant past was a Thing of transcendent importance. . . . Before the time of Christ there was no Catholic Church. . . . People dying in those underprivileged days could not receive Viaticum or Extreme Unction. . . . There was no Catholic priest hurrying to the death-bed of a Catholic. . . . There were no Catholics. . . . There were no Sacraments. . . . There was no Mass in Europe. . . . No Mass in Asia, or Africa, or the Americas. . . . No Mass anywhere. . . . No little children making their First Communions. . . . No Tabernacle housing the Living Presence of Christ. . . . No long lines of people of a Saturday night lining up for Confession. . . . No radiant faces leaving the Confessional, filled with newborn hope. . . . There was no Christ. . . . We of the modern world have potatoes, sugar, coffee, tobacco. . . . These things do not matter much. . . . We have something which does matter much. . . . We of the modern world have Jesus Christ, right in our midst. . . . In the Mass. . . . In the Tabernacle.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

APPEAL FOR LITURGICAL MUSIC

EDITOR: Any used sheet music of liturgical motets that kind readers could give would be much appreciated. Arrangements for organ and for female voices would be the most welcome, as this request is made for a community of nuns.

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WHY PEACETIME MILITARY SERVICE?

EDITOR: In the several discussions of postwar compulsory military service which have appeared in AMERICA—and other places—I have failed to note one pertinent question. *Why* should there be such service? We have been told that the present war is being fought to establish four freedoms everywhere, and to establish a world organization so just that no one will possibly wish to rebel against it, except very evil nations—those we are at present at war against. But these nations are to be effectively and eternally disarmed. In clearer words, why—in a world from which fear and hunger have been banished, freedom of religion and expression firmly established, the wicked made powerless—must the United States be armed to the teeth?

Until Congressmen May, Gurney and Wadsworth, General Marshall *et al.* answer this question—which may be the answer also to some other questions which have been bothering many of us—let us "peace-loving Americans" camp on their doorsteps and see that the answer is forthcoming.

New York City

LITERAL-MINDED

RELIGION AT THE FRONT

EDITOR: Numerous articles in periodicals which we get refer to the Return To Religion, say that there are no atheists in the foxholes, and other such high-sounding stuff. It is all strictly propaganda for the home-front morale. From what I have seen we are religiously bankrupt, if not morally so, and both go hand in hand. This I believe is at the root of our troubles in the United States, because these soldiers are products of all the United States, and must be a pretty good example of the homes they have come from.

What to do about it? Just carry on the fight the Church continually wages, and hope for the best in our time.

U. S. Infantry, India.

SERGEANT G. I. B.

RELIGION AT HOME

EDITOR: Sunday morning, and before I throw myself into a G. I. truck and go to Mass, I want to say something about religion at home. There are few Sundays in Italy when we have to forego our weekly privilege, for there are villages everywhere and a church in every village.

In looking through the World Almanac last night, I found that 55 million Americans belong to some religion, and so, as we number 135 millions, there must be 80 million citizens of our great country who find no time to pay honor to their Creator. They either do not believe He exists, or defy Him, or in their rush for luxury or pleasure have totally forgotten Him.

I am appalled to think that such a proportion of the people we are fighting for, actually do not profess a faith in a Supreme Being. And I nearly despair when I think that only a negligible number of those who do express such a faith, carry it into action. One cheering ray of hope for my country comes from the thought that four of every ten religious people in the U.S.A. are Catholics. And if America is the last, best hope of earth politically and internationally, the Catholic Church is the last best hope of the world spiritually.

U. S. Army, Italy.

SERGEANT A. M.

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NOBODY likes an arrogant man, or a man who "throws his weight around." Even the most conceited of men and women hide their secret vanities under a cloak of humility. If the Gospel of the sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost were no more than a lesson in social graces, it would have to be considered the most successful of Christ's teachings. The whole world has accepted the external trappings, at least, of Christian humility. If anything, we are inclined to carry the trappings into an "Alfonse-Gaston" caricature of humility.

We do not belittle the trappings. They are graceful things and helpful to social living: the slight blush that deprecates praise; the humble "I may be wrong but . . ." that precludes our most dogmatic assertions; our external deference to others. Still and all, Christian humility goes much deeper than externals.

If you read the Gospel carefully, you will note that Christ taught the dignity and value of the human being before launching into a discourse on humility. According to a rigid interpretation of the Law, it was held unlawful to cure a man on the Sabbath; and yet, as Christ pointed out, the very men who insisted on that interpretation would not hesitate to pull an ass or an ox out of a pit on the sacred day. In the face of their disapproval, Christ went on to cure the man brought to him. A human being, he wanted to teach them, even a helpless, sick human being, is greater than an ox or an ass or man-made laws.

Christ combines with a lesson on humility a lesson on the pride of human dignity. It is less than a half-truth to tell a man that he is a mere handful of dust and therefore he should be humble. He is dust infused by an immortal soul, a soul so precious that God Himself considered it worth the life and death of the God-man. Created by God's individual act, created different from every other being that ever lived or will live, bought by the Precious Blood of Christ, lifted by Grace to a sharing in the Divine Life, a temple of the Holy Spirit, infinitely more sacred than the chalice that holds the Blood of Christ, fed by the Body and Blood of Christ, destined to live forever in the intimate family of God in heaven: that is the human being. He would be a poor human being indeed who failed to be conscious of his great dignity, who did not demand from all the respect due to the greatness that is his.

On that basis of human pride, Christ goes on to build humility. No man can be truly humble who has not a prideful appreciation of the gifts of God to him. Perhaps that would make a good definition of humility: a live, just, practical appreciation of God's gifts. Everything you have is a gift of God: body and soul, goodness, health, looks, talents, wealth. Even the development of our gifts in which we take such pride is a gift of God. It is He who gives the urge and energy to improve ourselves. All the good in you is not yours. It is God's. Why, then, that conceited feeling of superiority towards those less gifted by God?

We said a *just* appreciation, arranging God's gifts in order of value and importance, appreciating what it is that really makes a man a man. God's Grace and God's friendship are more important than talents of mind or body, than wealth or health or position. A man is, in the final analysis, no better or worse than he is in the sight of God. The ragged, shiftless, ignorant neighbor you are tempted to despise may, for all you know, be a better man than you are.

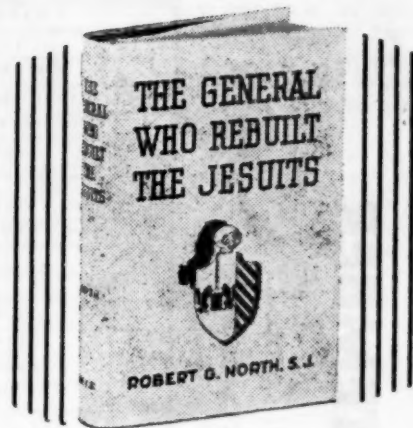
We said a *practical* appreciation. That means a reverence for ourselves and all God's gifts in and around us. That means a use of God's gifts as God wants them used. That means using them in only one way and for one purpose: to bring you ever closer to God. The brilliant man whose studies lead him from God is a plain, stupid fool. The uneducated man who knows God is truly intelligent.

Of course, there is much more to this subject of humility; but there you have, at least, the basis. Now, look at all God's gifts to you, your appreciation for and reverence for them, your return for them, your use of them. Consider how fine a person you might be if you were actually using and developing those gifts as God inspires you to; and then see if you can feel proud of yourself, disdainful of others.

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*"A Rosary a day
While the boys
are away."*

